

Stock Yards Aroma

A Plan for Tomorrow

Tomorrow morning, city officials will open their offices for the first time in the city's new million dollar civic center at Torrance Blvd. and Maple Ave.

The planning, foresight, and vision which have gone into the bold step of laying out a 27-acre civic center may not be immediately obvious to many, but it is our prediction that the developments throughout Torrance in the near future will bear out the wisdom of locating the new civic center where it is.

The new headquarters for city officials is not a luxury, although it is an immense change from the facilities available up to this time. The new civic buildings are no more than adequate today for the expanded city government needed to handle the official business for a city which now exceeds 80,000 persons.

The present structures on the civic center are just the beginning, according to the planning of the center. Establishment of a courthouse on the site of the center just west of the new Police Station has already been assured by the Board of Supervisors, and money has been appropriated for the design and early construction of the court facilities.

The new civic center site, larger than most in Southern California, is adequate for future construction of a building for state offices, including a possible Superior Court, and the area has an adequate site for a new municipal auditorium, which should have a high priority on any development schedule.

Next week end, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 11 and 12, the new civic center will be dedicated in public ceremonies which will be attended by dignitaries from throughout the State.

The citizens of Torrance are paying for the new center through taxes to retire the bond issues. If you want to see where your money is going, the dedication and open house next week end will provide an excellent opportunity to visit the new city buildings.

A Needed Revision

Under consideration by the city's traffic commission is a request to inaugurate angle parking along Torrance Blvd. from Beech Ave. to Cota, to eliminate the hazardous corner at Cota where the three-lane traffic converges into a two-lane thoroughfare.

This plan should be adopted. It not only eliminates a very real traffic hazard, but would increase the parking facilities along the boulevard for the ever-expanding business and professional buildings fronting on the thoroughfare.

A study of the Palos Verdes-Sepulveda intersection by the traffic commission also is suggested. Residents of the area have made repeated protests to the HERALD that the intersection is hazardous to those attempting to cross Sepulveda on Palos Verdes either by auto or on foot.

The large number of new families living in that area have increased the dangers many times in recent months. Some safety measures are indicated.

Hole in the Sock

Experience of a Southland resident who lost \$10,000 to burglars because he did not believe in banks leads one to wonder how many people keep their cash savings in a sock or in a tin can buried in the backyard rather than entrusting their money to the safekeeping of a financial institution.

When the Big Bull Market went "wham" in 1929 and banks were popping like firecrackers at a Chinese New Year parade, it was understandable that cagey savers should find private caches for their long green. But that is all water under the bridge. Since then, the United States government has buttressed the soundness of banks by federal deposit insurance and old socks and tin cans have become as obsolete as bustles and handle-bar mustaches. It is unthinkable that anyone would gladden the hearts of hard-working burglars by hiding their money in out-of-the-way places.

There are residual hazards in stashing the family dough on the premises. If you bury it in a tin can, you may forget about it and some day throw it in the incinerator by mistake. Then the smog control boys will get you for polluting the air with smoke from 20-dollar bills. If you must shove money in an old sock, be sure to shake out the sock before using it for a savings bank. The sock may harbor termites or cockroaches and when you try to draw out your savings, you may find it all chewed up. These are just friendly tips for "do-it-yourself" bankers.

Of course, you may be utterly indifferent to money, like Albert Einstein, who thoughtlessly put a \$1600 check in a library book. It was a book on atomic mathematics and the check was not discovered until months later when a nearsighted patron took it out by mistake for a biography of Wendell Wilkie.

You may not trust yourself. You may not trust your wife. But there is no reason why you should not trust your bank.

By Frank Ketchum



YOUR PROBLEMS

By ANN LANDERS

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Dear Ann: Some nosy neighbors who think there's something funny going on, insisted I write to you.

My wife and I are both 35. We have two roomers, an old lady pensioner who's been with us three years, and a young fellow, 23, who moved in last month.

The elderly lady has arthritis very bad. We bought an innerspring mattress so she could rest better. Two weeks ago my wife took the mattress away from her and gave it to the young man. She sprained her back doing it, so now he drives her around to do the shopping.

Last night she served him a steak in his room because he said he didn't feel well. When I mentioned she was staying up there too long, she said she was waiting for the dishes. My wife never served the old lady a meal in her room in three years.

Frankly, I don't think anything is wrong but if you say I should ask the fella to move, I will. If for no other reason, to quiet the neighbors.—ED

Your "nosy" neighbors are on the scent of something that smells plenty fishy. It's not their business—but wake up, Ed!

When a woman sprains her back dragging a mattress away from an arthritic old lady to give it to a 23-year-old fella—this adds up to more than just "talk." And it doesn't figure that he's entitled to room-service. By all means ask the young man to move... not to "quiet the neighbors" but to protect your home and let your wife know your head is more than just a hatrack.

Dear Ann: I have a boy working for me who sits down and reads your column every single day. This is costing me a dollar an hour. What should I do?

—TIGHTWAD.

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Tightwad: Give him my love.

Dear Ann: I'm a girl 12 and just read an article in a magazine called "Facts About Mental Health." I found many things listed as "neurosis" that could be applied to me. Also, I could be the "psychotic" type.

When I came to the part about the "Skeetsorenic," I knew right away I was one. I'm terribly shy. Mrs. Landers, and I often think things that aren't small. Please tell me what to do. I'd talk to my mother but she would probably laugh it off and tell me to forget about the whole thing. I'm awfully worried. Won't you help me in some way?

—CONFUSED GIRL

You aren't psychotic or Schizophrenic, honey — you are just suggestible like millions of others — grownups included. The minute they hear or read about a sickness, they're sure they have it.

You should have a physical check-up every year by your family doctor. If he says you're O.K., take his word for it. And quit reading "medical" literature!

Dear Ann: I have a neighbor who is about to drive me nuts. Never a day passes but what she doesn't come over to borrow cigarettes, sugar, an egg, a bar of soap or some little item. The store is five blocks away and she has a car sitting in her garage if she's too lazy to walk it.

I don't mind lending, but she never returns anything. I tried to get even by "borrowing" some of the things back, but she never has anything in the house. I'd hate to have an out-and-out fight with her because she has a big mouth and knows everyone in town personally. How can I solve this problem?

—FRESH OUT.

Some systems of man-made law regulate everything one does, not only those things that belong properly to law, but also others that belong to morals, to religion, to good taste and prudence—even to etiquette. But in the past our law has tried hard properly to draw the line between things (1) men may do as they choose — room for freedom, and (2) things men must do in certain ways — the channels of legal duty.

Of old, the Stoics called law right reason from the Supreme Deity to mankind. It commanded men to do good and avoid evil. Men stated this idea of law over and over until it landed long ago in Blackstone's Commentaries and crossed the Atlantic to America.

ple not to have the law on them, for example, to speak and worship as they please.

Plato saw justice as a kind of minding your own business—doing well what you're supposed to do, and not meddling in others' affairs. For the positive law, too, there is an outer limit. If law ordered your life in detail, how could personality, character, or mind develop?

Besides, the police state not only has to have thought-police to police the people, but police to police the thought-police.

Like other arts, the art of justice needs men and women with freedom to use their judgment, even to make mistakes; and it encourages us to use that reason which the legal philosophers of old believed men got from heaven. Hence beyond our need for reasonable security and order, our lawmakers have resisted the temptation to multiply legal duties.

Our Bill of Rights, at least, flatly denies the right of lawmakers to put certain duties upon.

Note: California lawyers offer this column for you to know about our laws.

My Neighbors

But even so, the Stoics knew some things which were neither good nor bad, but neutral. You could shine your shoes or not, or even go barefooted, for all they cared legally.

Our law sets out duties both negative (for instance not to harm others) and affirmative (for instance, to educate our children).

But it deals in many situations also with rights of people.

THE SQUIREL CAGE

Just 30 Years Ago City Planned Dedication of New Civic Center

By REID BUNDY

Herald Managing Editor An item appearing in the copy of today's "Out of the Past" column on this page struck a strange note here—just 30 years ago the city was in the middle of preparations for another dedication program.

Mayor John Dennis and other civic leaders were preparing to dedicate a new city hall—the upstairs portion of the city's fire station on Cravens Ave.

"Everybody in Torrance is invited to attend a big Torrance family party on Tuesday night, Aug. 24, when the new city building will be officially dedicated," a story in the Aug. 12, 1926, edition of the HERALD proclaimed.

And, on that summer evening, 600 persons attended the dedication, teased along a little, perhaps, by the HERALD story which promised that the city's new tax rate probably would be announced during the ceremonies.

The celebrants were served punch and sandwiches, and Mayor Dennis announced a reduced tax rate—which doubtlessly added to the festivities.

Highlight of the evening was a mock trial in which "Spud" Murphy of the Union Tool Co. (now National Supply Co.—and Murphy's still there) was charged with violation of the Wright Act (too explanation). He was convicted by a blue-ribbon jury, but the sentence was not reported.

Among those taking part in the "trial" were City Recorder Charles T. Rippey, City Attorney Perry Briney, J. R. Jensen, "Chick" Curtis, and Bill Klusman, the latter two being character witnesses.

But the city hall-fire station combination proved inadequate early, and by January, 1936, Public Works Administration grants for a new library, civic auditorium, and city hall had been approved.

Cost of the new city hall and police station was \$60,161.51 of which the PWA paid \$19,827. The new civic auditorium, built at the same time, cost \$62,500.76, and the government paid \$22,987

of that. Third project in the civic center at that time was the library which cost \$31,902.52. The government paid \$12,881 for this.

W. W. Petley and C. Matcham got the contracts for the city's new civic center construction in January, 1936, and on June 27 that year, the dedication was held.

An 84-page edition of the HERALD carried details of the new center, and salutes to the city from President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. Jared Sidney Torrance, and others.

Here it is 20 years later, and the city is getting ready to do the whole thing again. This time, however, the dedication promises to be one of the biggest she-bangs in

this corner of the world since the glaciers went north.

VIPs ranging up to General Homer Eaton, commanding the 40th National Guard Division, and Lt. Gov. Harold J. Powers, are on the program. They will be supported in their efforts by stars of radio, television, and movies, and by parade entries up to and including a NIKE guided missile.

"Mayor of Our Town" Thomas Mitchell will be there, Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz will be parade marshal, and Singer Harry Babbitt will highlight the evening dance program.

I don't know about you, but I wouldn't miss next week end's affair. It should be a high point in the city's history.

Barney's Blarney

By BARNEY GLAZER

If today you are fraught with disappointments, and your burdens weigh heavily on your shoulders, it would be well to keep in mind this man's record, as relayed to this column by Wilbur Clark from his Las Vegas Desert Inn:

This man refused to admit defeat. He failed in business in the year '31, defeated for legislature in '32, again failed in business '33, elected to the legislature '34, his sweetheart died '35, had nervous breakdown '36, defeated for Speaker '38, defeated for Elector '40, defeated for Congress '43, elected to Congress '46, defeated for Congress '48, defeated for Senate '55, defeated for vice-president '56, defeated for Senate '58, and elected President, '60.

And, of course, you've guessed by this time that his name is Abraham Lincoln.

Sooner or later, everyone works out a recipe for successful living. One man used a personal budget which was really the end. He made only \$2800 per year. Yet he educated and married off three sons, bought a new home, and then saved exactly \$300,000. This sort of thing could make monkeys out of investment specialists so he was asked: "What is your recipe for earning only \$2800 per year and doing all that you did?" It's easy. My uncle died and left me \$800,000."

During her current singing stint at the famed Coconut Grove, Miss Dorothy Shay commented on the training practice of motion picture and television performers to sharpen their tonal qualities by repeating the expression: "How now, Brown Cow?" to which Miss Shay added wryly: "You'd think that by this time all the cows would know how."

This is life in the raw: A woman watches her diet and the men watch the results.

A thief broke into Jack Benny's Palm Springs home. Anxiously, Benny asked the desert gardener: "What did he take?" and they replied, without even the trace of a smile: "A swim in your pool."

Eddie Welch told Mike Connolly the story about the kid selling kittens in Chicago and calling them Democratic kittens. One week later the same kid was peddling the same felines at the GOP convention in San Francisco and calling them Republican kittens. One day, a customer asked the boy: "How come you called these same kittens Democrats just last week in Chicago?" and the lad piped up: "Their eyes opened!"

Bob Vincent, Inglewood editor and columnist, tells about the man with his family who were on an automobile trip. They arrived in a large city and were suddenly and completely engulfed by the going-home rush hour traffic. In an abortive mood to flee his predicament, the tourist made a U-turn in the middle of the block and was immediately ordered to stop exactly where he was by a whistling and irate policeman. "Hey, Mac," yelled the officer, "you can't do that here!"

The autoist stuck his head out of the window, surveyed the situation carefully, and then replied: "I think I can, if I back up a little."

So he backed up, relates Vincent, and completed his illegal U-turn while the policeman just stood there with his dumfounded jaw wagging in complete disbelief.

Bob Vincent is back at column writing and Bob has a habit of "con-Vincencing" his readers to read him faithfully. For example, his story about the devoted father who sent his only child to summer camp. It was the very first time the boy and his dad had ever been separated. The camp was located in north-eastern New Mexico and there was no phone. After three weeks of agonized separation without any word from the boy, a letter finally arrived. The father feverishly opened the envelope expecting to find many tear-stained pages of homesickness, with the inevitable: "Dad, I miss you terribly. I can't stand it here any longer without you. Come and get me or I'll run away!" Instead, the father read this brief note: "Hello. They're making us write to our parents today. Goodbye, Billy."

SAFETY HINTS from the Red Cross

You're asking for aches abdominal (and abdominal) if you imbibe heavily oficed drinks, while overeating. Give yourself a chance to cool off before taking that tall drink.

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AFFILIATE MEMBER

FROM NINE TO FIVE

by Jo Fischer



It was so thrilling. The moment I saw him giving blood to the Red Cross, I knew he was my type.



This is it, Aggie—where all our money goes!